A COMPLETE STORY.

[All the Year Round.]

CHAPTER I. "Hullo!" cried a boy who was sprawling on a nursery floor. "Findin's keepin's! Here's the mater's sixpence she lost a week ago."
"You are vulgar," was the rejoinder
made to this by a very small girl.

She. Maud, was in her rightful domain, the nursery. Harry was an interloper, and the terror of the methodi-cal purse who would have the children in exact order. She had given up Harry three years ago, and now was thirteen, and, as she declared, he had "grown quite rampageous, and he do upset the children so?"

The Boyle children were three, headed by Maud; above her was a vecant space of three years when Harry showed his "rampageous" self; above him came two girls. There is the family list, headed by father and

There was not a more charmingly commonplace, more pleasantly successful family in the three kingdoms. They lived in a London suburb, and they had plenty of friends and com- claimed it.

You are vulgar !" Maud had cried. "So'd you be if you got such a find. Hearay! I say, where's the mater?" sigh. Kate was a bright-souled being, Gone out, Master Harry," nurse and always ready to make the best of

What a bore! Now mind, nurse, that's my sixpence. Just you keep it If I hadn't to play in that match this afternoon I'd hang about till mother was back." Do they want you very much?"

This was an infantile remark of small "Den't you make any mistake."

Harry was grand. "Should I be in Plummer's eleven if I wasn't something? Just see in." Just see me bat, that's all."

"I don't doubt you; but we can't have kids on our ground."

At which Davy subsided, and Harry took himself off to don his cricketing When he had gone the nursery in-

mates looked at his sixpence, and each child handled it as if there were some What did Harry mean when he

called out that long word 'findinskeepins?" asked Maud. Bless you, Miss Maud! He only

meant 'cos he'd had the 'finding' he'd have a right to the 'keeping.'" An accent on each word did not make the good woman's explanation

clear to the child. Nurse went on mending socks and the children returned to their play. Mand kept silence; not a common circomstance, to pass unremarked. All at once she spoke this:

Do you mean, nurse, that if I picked up hundreds of thousands of I sovereigns they would all be

"Nonsepse, Miss Maud! What they gave no address. hould you be wanting gold sovereigns

Plat, if I found them? Age, 'if'! You're not likely to and them. I never did. They don't Misses Payne. he about nursery floors, not they." Ah, but outside somewhere!" And the child made a gesture, as if with her round arms she would encirle the great, vague world.

lears went by, and the Boyle nurse- than her sister was. ry had become almost a forgotten thing. Nurse had come to lord it over another ry and -- for things happened to es which carried them out of

se's " radius altogether. they were at their worst when, ome ten years later, we meet them in

crous years, then Mr. Boyle was then by a dire malady, and had to leave husiness. He was a stockmade it necessary that his city affairs had, nevertheless, but a visionary hold should be wound up there was panic upon her. upon panic, there were wars and ru- "I have made a mistake, Kate, I

Herry had sailed for Canada. He had ney, andought a plot of Government land, and cy all hoped, dig a fortune out of it. but a moderate family can live on a is enough. mall income if, as the saying is, they Mrs. Boyle was a wise wobuse. Daisy (or Margaret) Boyle was married; Katherine was useful; Maud. now pineteen, might, if need showed | have it?" find work, but Davy and Dick |

mc-years of trouble upon trouble. Mr. Poyle died, unwitting of the calamitous times; another, and then a third move had to be made, each one

carrying the family a step downward. remember better than you do." How did Mrs. Poyle's blood rebel when the day came for her to take little Dick to Sescreft's school, where he to come back? What the conditions to come back? What the conditions to come back? was to be taught and fed and clothed or so many years free of expense to come home a millionaire? Will Daher. Millionaires have been known to vy's master pray him to become a partgrow out of boys brought up at Sca-ref at his tender age?"

"Maud!" croft's school, but what cheer is there in that thought to the poor mother, who sees her little son arrayed in the school garb, and who sees the gay

brass buttons of his jacket? there, and he did not know much of the home troubles; he got his holidays, and he saw two more new homes, but things were not sad to him. He had come to be fourteen : they were keep-

ing him on at school because he was so Harry had not made his fortune in the five years, not that many details were known about him, for he did not often write home. Davy was seventeen, a nice bright lad in a merchant's

Maud for three years had taught as a daily governess. It would have been wiser if she had gone away and into a family, but a mistake was made, and the girl only gave lessons in the neighborhood. Katherine was the domestic rooms, so as to be in readiness for a mainstay of the house, and the house, new-comer.

during the past year, had had to admit yous old gentleman, who gave no trou- and this was the news : He had found ble whatever; a perfect godsend of a farming in Canada no good for him, lodger, in fact. He was order itself. and he had gone to San Francisco, None of his belongings were ever al- meaning if ill luck followed him then, lowed to litter his rooms. He read a never to write home again. Good luck good deal, but his books had their came instead, and he was doing well. places orderly on their shelves, and es of subjects which the old authors notes home before the year is out."

with any other mark of favoritism.

But his residence with them came to an end, for certain relatives came home to live in England, after a long absence in India, and he was persuaded to go and end his days with them. His due payments, and a handsome

present he made the girls, set the household on a very easy, comfortable footing for several weeks, weeks in which search was made for a new

Many applied, but none were quite of the right sort, after the kind, or-

derly, quaint old gentleman. The money filtered away, and it was clear that the Boyles must accept another lodger or be very pinched in-They at last accepted two sisters of the most tiresome and exacting character. Kate and Maud slaved for them, but service was wearisome, as it must be when dry, thankless hearts

"If only Mr. Harbutt were back!" sighed Maud. " Dear! how funny he was!" was the laughing echo to her sigh. Kate was a bright-souled being,

their troubles. "I wonder whether he is as happy with those grand folks as he was here? He had all his things just as he chose,' and Kate, with a duster in her handthe ladies were out for the day-looked round on chaos. Where should she begin to straighten?

"Strange that he never writes," Maud mused.

"Did he ever write, dear?" Kate said, " write letters I mean. He composed, and he imagined, and he ruminated, but until those nephews looked him up I don't believe he received as he never wrote one.' No, I suppose not. Where was

he left? "Durham-but that's nothing; he

only went there to see somebody who had some rare manuscripts. He said that in the letter; he was going to see this nephew at Edinburgh, and then when the people found a place to take he was going to settle down with them. A wild-goose chase for such a man as

"Yes," again Maud spoke musingthe lock and bent the key.

"We'll have you straight," was her; time each week seemed to her to hey had found the place."

"We'll have you straight," was her; time each week seemed to her to he growing more full, more rich; in a while she grow to look upon berself in ly; "I wish he had stayed here until they had found the place."

the Obituary of the Times : "On the 29th, at the Invercauld Arms, Hosslyn, while travelling, James Harbutt ; sged seventy-one."

Monotony, wearisome monotony, followed. The tiresome ladies staid on until they had been with the Boyles for just a year; then they thought they would like a change, and they left. They left a small debt unpaid, and

As girls do, even girls who have too We may get some one even worse,

have said, always more light of heart | miniously laid at her feet, while a sup-

On that half beliday the girls, being the monetary if not in the social scale, then went for a summer evening same sinner was captured! The girl's pret- now remembered, had never spoken of and she, when her "family was in ter among the fields. Yes, if you strike ty fingers, all covered with dust and by any other name than that of town," brought a little lady now and boldly of from the dreary bricks and fine, met the crisp crackle of firm "Lewis." Now, was "Lowis" a town," brought a little lady now and boldly on from the dreary paper.

seam to see the grown-up children mortar of New-Cross, and walk with paper.

Ah!" was Maud's quick little cry. who had once been her babies. But the elasticity of young, healthful limbs, wan had once been her babies. But the tracticity of young, hearting had. Was slad s quick interests went the round of the councers to this there came an end-a you may, sooner than you may think. The paper was out before the light discments went the round of the councers to this there came an end-a you may, sooner than you may think.

were rather dusty there were fields beyoud them. Maud's young soul trank in the fresh summer gladness, and she cally unfolding itself. talked on of every possible subject. One fold—some printed words and Past, present, and futures all drew figures. Bah! How dusty it was! so young in the days of their good | was it? things, that though she said she rebroker, but in the year when illness membered everything, those old days

mors of wars, and loss followed loss see," she said as they walked homeon the eve of his father's failure ward. "I should have gone away to teach—I should have made more mo-

"And you would have held a better position. decisively. One drudge in a family

"I hate you to speak like that, Kate." Maud had a warm temper; such a possession is usually the coman, and she moved to a cheaper panion of a warm heart. "If you drudge-horrid word !- I drudge. I got more money would not mother

" Don't be angry. I've a genius for Yes: a cycle of misfortune had besake let me exercise it. But I agree gun, the five plentiful years were over, with you about going away; you and the beginning of another five had would be far better off in a family. Why should you not be as Miss Marsden used to be with us? "

"She was a swell governess." " Not any more than you can be.

" Dear, how I should love those Shall I board? Will Harry suddenly

"Kate, why should not these things

"Why should they be ! You might summer sun glinting down from the tears in his blue eyes to the fine new gold when the next rainbow shines." · I always do expect that-I have

But Dick became quite a happy lad done ever since I was a baby."

But Dick became quite a happy lad done ever since I was a baby."

By and by Maud's wild humor subsided, and she talked again about business. Yes, these girls had so long been accustomed to hard experiences that they fell naturally into talk of pres and cons in a dry, business way. By the time they reached home they

had settled that Maud should go away. Their mother was told at once; she saw it was wise, and a little more planning was done as they sat over their simple supper. The Times should be had every day for the sake of the advertisements, and the vicar and the doctor should be asked to help.

All this was set in train the next morning; also, the next day Kate commanded a thorough turnout of the

The evening post brought a letter lodger.

This lodger had been a silent, nerHe had not written for nearly a year,

"I manage a store," he said, " and were read and re-read, annotated, and two years ago my boss was worse off digested. When the reading was laid | than I was when I came here. I won't aside the old gentleman would amuse say more, but I'll make this pay. Perhimself by making pen-and-ink sketch- baps I'll be sending you some bank

" Poor Harry !" exclaimed his motreated of. There would be the pre- "Poor Harry!" exclaimed his mo-settment of a Greek poem; or, stick- ther. She smiled, and yet her eyes

morrow." The morrow came and she was doing it.

CHAPTER II. Maud had opened the two drawing-

room windows and let down the Venetians over them, so that the room should be cool and shady. How good and summery it all looked! Ladies' fingers can so easily give simple decorations an air of grace and refinement. Then she left that room and went into the one behind; these two had been dear old Mr. Harbutt's rooms, and also those of the tiresome Miss Paynes. This back room was shady, and at ence the blind was drawn up to the top and the window thrown open as high as it would go.

There was in the room an old chest of drawers, the piece of furniture that Mr. Harbutt had once said was worth more than all else the room contained

put together. It was beautifully made, the dark old oak was of the finest grain, and he said, as he shook hands how delicately were the joinings and at the door of his outer office. "I corners fitted! A reeded line was carved or turned at the frontage of each drawer; on its top, too, making an artistic border or finish to its level polish, there was the same reeded decoration running four-square. Each drawer had two pendant and triangular brass handles. They copy these old things nowadays, but this was a veritable antique.

Five drawers in all, and in the ton and most shallow one a key protruded from its keyhole. Maud remembered the whole thing as long as she remembered anything, for in olden days it had stood in the nursery. In those much as one letter a month; certainly | days the top shallow drawer was just as exactly level as the other drawers had been; fancy methodical nurse althat one letter from that he sent when lowing that right-hand corner to project in that unsightly way! If the piece of furniture had not been so seasoned by age one might have supposed that the wood had warped at that one corner.

Maud was bent upon straightening it. All the four lower drawers were provided with their fresh white paper ning, and now somehow some had locked this top drawer, had forced

The very next day Maud saw this in the old key.

Never a bit would it move, except indeed to fix itself more firmly within the intricacies of the lock.

"I'll physic you!" Maud cried. A moment's run down stairs for girls. some oil, and "physic" was used. Some few more wrigglings and turnings, and hey, presto! the magic is claimants came forward whose pretendanc, the lock is loosened, the drawer sions would not bear the stitings of opened !

However, opened does not mean a simultaneous cure of its uneven cor-bave it, though a year had run by her. Oh! no. Pushing and dainty since the summer day when she had close an acquaintanceship with the ner. Oh! no. Pushing and dainty rough side of life, the two Boyles made humoring are neither of any avail, the a grand glory in the departure of the drawer simply will not work to it But Mand had a strong will and a folfilled. Harry had really sent over pristine level.

though," said Kate, practically.

"Never mind what may be, we are free now," Maud rejoined, being, as we lious drawer out of its grove and ignomind that probed to the reason of ple white arm was bared to the clbow and went on a search within the so gay over their freedom, walked with | shallow space. From end to end arm Dick to the station, saw him off, and | and fingers went seeking-then the | nephew, whom the old gentleman, they

be among the sweet-smelling haylields. of the summer sun. Thin, gray-hand try concerning "unclaimed stock It was June, and if the hedgerows paper, tightly pressed once, but now, The Boyles did, and always wou by some inherent strength suraly, loosening from its pressure and elasti-

something from her; perhaps the past Another fold undone-some foreign touched her the least, for she had been words quite clear. "D'Italia." What

Had the thing really some magic in it? Maud's face became scarlet; then all the color field from it. and, leaving drawer and dust and white paper i confusion on the floor, the girl ran to the stair-head and called :

"Mother! Kate! Come quick! Both were busy, but such a voice of scene was a luxurious drawingroom in clause of the will authorizes the sale alarm—yes, Maud was really terri- a Yorkshire country house. It was the of certain of the Duc d'Aumale's profied-was not to be disregarded. They Kate always nailed a point were up-stairs in a few seconds. · I've opened the drawer." she

" So we perceive. Have you found a dead mouse behind it? Kate, seeing Maud unharmed, was naturally a bit ruttled at having been

unnecessarily excited by the cry. " No : I have found this." Now Mand was prematurely still. She held out the strange paper, by ther, the mother of the present Mrs. this time yet more unrolled. As Kate took it, it resolved itself into not one paper only, but four pa-

pers, of which the corners shook them-

selves apart. One had square bits cut out-yes, decidedly out out. "Bonds, mother !" Kate gasped. " Don't talk nonsense, child." Kate was not listening. She had had o become acquainted with many busi-

ness matters, but she had never seen uite such papers as these. She looked at them, and fingered them.

"Two hundred and fifty lire; 750 shadow, she lire," she deciphered. "What are den herself.

"I know," Maud put in. "A lire is the same as a franc-Italian mo- came the big brother, a tall man and

These are money, mother." And again Kate was reduced to a gasping

the would have been to think they were Let me look at them, Kate.

"Finding is keeping!" cried Maud.
"I shall appropriate them."
"Maud!" And Kate came back from her tremor to face the actual. They are simply Mr. Harbutt's. The

Miss Paynes, you may be sure, never left anything so valuable behind them." "Perhaps it will pay their debt." Maud by this time had lost her terror; she had passed it on to her mother and sister, and she herself only saw the smusement of the thing. "My energy has done some good this time, at any

"It must be hundreds of pounds, mother.'

Kate was standing with her hands in the pockets of her Holland apron, and was watching her mother look at the discovery.

Mrs. Beyle's pale face had grown

graver by some few degrees. "They are bonds, but what of I do not know. I know so little of the look of these things," she mused. "Whose are they? Whose?"

"Perhaps ours, mother." And Maud poked her hand consolingly within her mother's arm. "That chest of drawers belongs to the days of our glory. There! Did I not say last night, when Harry's let'er came, that our good times were coming

name 'Harbutt.'" again?" "Perhaps they are." And Mrs. "That was my old uncle's name, lique volume of strange Eastern lore, | "Kate"-Maud tucked her hand Boyle gave a little convulsive hug to you know"-Simpson here drew a Plymouth.

Hoyles as well as if they were his own.

He locked the strange Italian bonds, which were Maud's "finds," in his

strong room. There they must lie

some one can prove a better claim,"

hope no one will claim them," and,

"That is cruel. No; speculation should never meddle with it. I was only talking empty nonsense."

"Speculate for my governessing, Mr. Bryant," the girl said, as the

three stood on the landing of the stair-

case outside. "That would be a real

purpose came and settled on John Bry-

things as merriment or the excitement

of speculation. "I will," he said again.

the man went back to his office to puz-

ale his head over Maud's governessing.

In his masculine mind-one step behind

the present age of woman's independ-

ence-he saw an unfitness in the child

of his old friend going out to earn her

Maud, a stranger, went to strangers;

new claims came upon her days; a

while she grew to look upon berself in

the New-Cross life as a dim possibility,

so surely was she absorbing all the in-fluences of the pleasant, kindly, luxu-

rious home where she taught two going

The bonds still lay unowned; by

lawyers' questions. The bonds were still Maud's, as John Bryant would

Maud's gay prophecy of good fortune

a good round sum to bis mother ; Davy

got a rise in his office; a cousin of

Mrs. Boyle's came to live with them at

New-Cross, and brought a good addi-

tion to the family purse. Times were

As pointed as could be done, adver-

insist upon the belief that the Italian

. The things are a nightmare to me,

It was a September evening, and the

house in which Maud Boyle was gor-

erness. Work was over for the day.

son, was as usual passing the evening

with the rest of the family. The two

girls were fourteen and fifteen years of

Lewis Simpson, was a man of twenty-

mother was there, also the granding

tember wind had been blowing all day.

and a winter-like fire burned in th

wide grate. But it was evening, and

the three girls were pretty light gar-

ments. The two Simpsons were i

the darkest crimson, and, seeing no lamps were lit, the flickering gleam of

firelight left her just a warm-toned

the lamps were brought in there also

very fair, as his father and Cicely were.

He lounged in as young men do lounge

kind. He threw himself on a seat by

"Have you read this advertise-

"You have had that happen once-

The old lady gave him the newspaper

Then he read aloud, "Listen," he

"HARBUTT .- To any of the name,

said, "it's me!" What was grammar

or claiming under a will made by a person of that name. Unclaimed stock

found. Apply first by letter to Reeves & Lever, Solicitors, Old Broad street.

Every one seemed to be echoing her

"That's my advertisement."

The cry was from Maud.

"You? Yours?"

and pointed with her spectacles, which

she had just taken from her nose.

ment?-you are advertised for, Lewis."

said Granny.
"I? Never!, Who wants me

some one leaving me a fortune?

the couch by the old lady.

His fair face flushed.

at such a moment?

He read.

in among a home company of women

was no grandmother to him.

shadow, she being a brown-hued mai-

white: Maud, though the material

her gown was no more than must

Across the Yorkshire moors a Sen-

bonds belonged to Mr. Harbutt.

Her adviser was a bit testy.

no longer " hard times."

Search was made for Mr. Harbutt's

Christian name or a surname?

bread among strangers.

Then the two ladies went away, and

ant's face, to the exclusion of any such

"Yes. I will." Here gravity and

ownership.

ble it-treble it-"

kindness, now."

"Or-lose it?"

there would be the fantastic drawing showing how the strange hieroglyphics told their story.

Dick on holidays, and Maud, when the silent Mr. Harbutt came upon her in her dustings, were the two who were shown these things. Why, no one knew; and he never honored them with any other mark of favoritism.

under her sister's arm as they went up to bed that night—"the days of glory are coming again! Now, you see!"

Kate laughed; she was very glad about Harry.

"I see," she said, "that you must mother? Give up my find?"

"Maud, do not act the infant," Kate with very real excitement.

"Yours? Were you—?"

"Yours? Were you—?"

"He lived with us—lodged with us."

Maud's face flushed with a certain cried. "Go with muther, and learn what has to be learned." It was as Kate had supposed. The four papers together represented the sum of £2,000, and were Italian Govpride.

"But I am very glad-and you are the 'Lewis' he talked about?" ernment bonds. They talked a little more over it, and presently Mr. Simpson, the father, came in and had to be told the whole But whose were they? They bore no man's name.

history over again.
"Strange!" old Mr. Simpson CHAPTER III. The treasure had to lie in John Brymused; "strange that no inquiry ant's strong room.

John Bryant was a stockbroker, as ound you before, Lewis. The papers Mr. Boyle had been, and was, in truth, a man whose friendship to the Boyles had lasted on from the old days of their

bear Harbutt's name, Miss Boyle ! "No; no name at all." "No name at all!" he echoed. 'Then why, are they his? Five hunprosperity. He was an upright man, dred people may have used that drawand he guarded the interests of the

"Ob, no!" Maud said quietly. Only he need it, except ourselves." "Then they may be yours." "No, my father never had business

while inquiries were made as to their spers like that at home." They were not down in the list of "They are yours, Miss Mand, until ecurities uncle showed me," said ewis Simpson. Then, suddenly droping his acute business manner, he pretended once more an immense laziess. "It's all a snare and a deluwith a kindly pomposity he owned, he made a little flourish in the air with ion, Miss Boyle. I shan't go in for the money. How can I prove it's mire? It is your 'find,' and 'finding one hand. "Now, I should like to speculate a little with it for you-douis keeping ' all the world over." "Oh, no, it isn't." And Maud was

strangely quiet and firm.

Nothing more was ever proved. There never will be any more proof as to whose bonds they were. In the end Maud had to let John Bryant cut off some of the coupons and cash them for her, but at the present moment she has nothing to do with them, as they have joined the rest of old Mr. Harbutt's property and Lewis Simpson has them.

Can you understand how what is hers is also bis?

DIC D'AUMALE.

Who Bequenths His Estates to the French People.

The entire domain of Chaptilly, with its magnificent castle and all. its dependencies, the value of which at the owest estimate is over sixty millions of francs, has been presented by the Due d'Aumale to the Institute of France, to be held by it in trust for the French nation. The date of the will making this munificent gift is 1884. In stating his intentions at this time Duc d'Aumale explains that he wishes to have the transfer made now for the express purpose of avoiding legal tampering which might be insti-



death. The estates are to be called "Have an advertisement giving his the Conde Museum, are to be opened name." said Maud, in a letter home. to the public at least twice a week during six months of the year, and the head," was John Bryant's answer, revenues are to be applied to keeping when they told him what she had said. | the whole of the estates in proper or der, and in the acquirement of additional works of art to enrich the mag-"Then, my good lady, we will have niffcent collections with which the the advertisement printed at once. estates are already endowed, to pen-Shall the first Harbutt who comes have siening indigent authors and artists. and to furnishing prizes for the en-couragement of the adoption of scientiffe and artistic careers. A separate perty situated elsewhere than at Chanully, to provide the money for the and she, with Cicely and Nan Simp- preliminary expenses which may attend the transfer and transformation of the Chantilly estates from their present private character to that for which

ege; they were "the children" of the they are bequeathed, household. A stepbrother, young The Due d'Aumale The Duc d'Aumale is the fourth son f King Louis Philippe. He is now tive; he, too, was in the room. The sixty-four years of age. His profession is that of a soldier, and before the revolution of 1 48 he had rendered valuable assistance in the conquest of Algeria. The events which drove his father into exile also caused him to where he lived from 1848 to 1871. After the overthrow of the Second Empire the Duc d'Aumale returned to France, was elected a member of the National Assembly, and resumed his position as a general of the French strmy. In this capacity he acted as THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE-INSURpresident of the court-martial which condemned Marshal Bazaine to death for his alleged treachery in the sur-render of Metz. As the result of re-The bell had just been rung, and as | cent legislation in France he is incapacitated from further public services

to his country. He now makes magnificent retaliation. The Duc d'Aumale is considered the nost accomplished of all the sons of Louis Philippe. Added to his great "Whose are they? They are not curs, I'm sure." Poor Mrs. Boyle paper across to the old lady whom he trons as an author, sportsman, and pressed her hands together. How glad called "Granny," but who, of course, conversationalist. He was made a member of the French Academy in 1873 to fill the place made vacant by

the death of Montalembert. Chantilly, which is about an hour's ride by express train from Paris, is a town of about four thousand inhabi-Young Simpson pretended he was tants. The estates descended to the fatigued, and lazily threw himself on Duc d'Aumale from the Condes. He was deprived of his ancestral property during the Second Empire, but it was that is more than most men get. restored to him by a decree of the Na tional Assembly in 1872. The forest tional Assembly in 1872. The forest of Chantilly covers 6,125 acres, and through it runs a broad road past the race-course, which includes a splendid piece of ground of 150 acres. This has been rented to the Jockey Club. Adjoining it are the stables erected in

1735 by Louis Henri de Bourbon. At Chantilly have been kept three score horses and two packs of boarand stag-hounds; there are coachbouses, riding-schools, and innumerable other outbuildings, while within the castle are magnificent works of art, statuary, etc., and a picture-gallery centaining paintings by Raphael, Poussin, Appibal Carracci, Delaroche, Ingres, and other great ancient and mod-

"I'll tell you," Maud said in her Lincoln Clark, whose death at Conclear, business-like way. "I found some bonds once, and so the other way, Mass., has been announced, is said to have been a descendant in the sixth generation of Elisha Clark, mate day I advised their advertising for the of the (original) Mayflower, and the first man to land on Clark's Island at

A QUESTION ABOUT Brown's Iron Bitters ANSWERED.

The question has probably been asked thousering of times, "How can Brown's Iron Bitters care a surjecting," Well, it doesn't. But it does care any discontinuous which a reputable physician would present a time a physician recognize from as the best restorative agent known to the profession, and inquiry of any leading chemical firm will substantiate the assertion that there are more proparations of iron than of any other substance used in medicine. This of the most climitary is the form is according to the discontinuous aremarkable post in self-income a remarkable post in self-income to the discontinuous aremarkable post in self-income. important factor in successful medical practice, it is however, a remarkable fact, that prior to the discov-ery of BROWN'S IRON BITTER'S no perfect is astisfactors iron combination had over been found BROWN'S IRON BITTERS che tests of budden, or produce constitution—all other frea medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTER'S cures Indigestion, Biliocaness, Wenkness, Dyspepsin, Malaria, Chills and Feveus, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Palu ta the Side, Back or Limbs, Hendache and Neural-

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